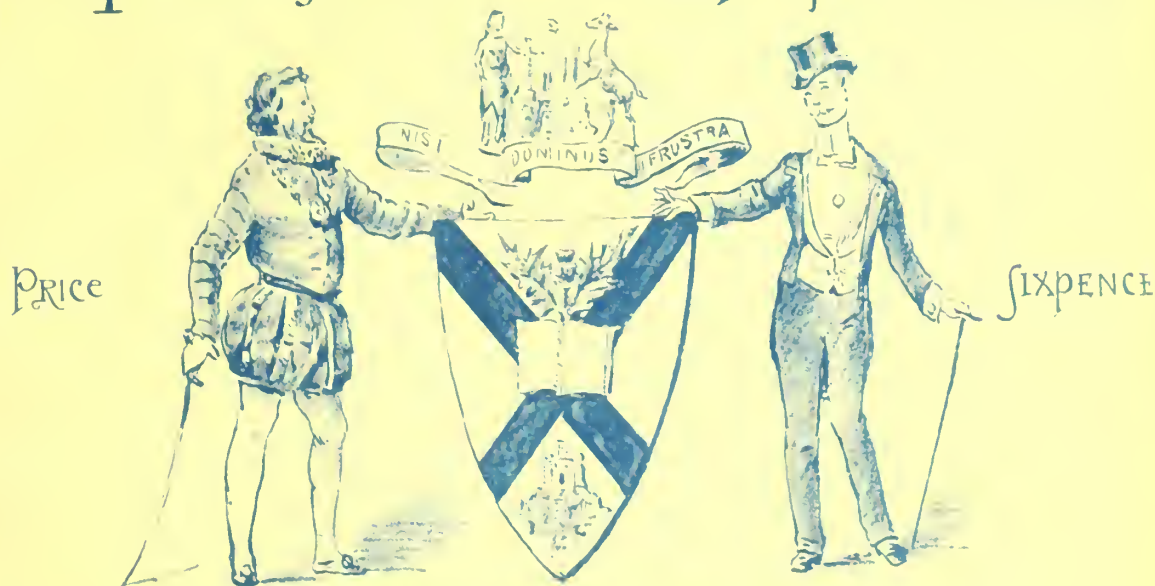


TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION (8)

The Procession Le Progrès Medical



1584 DEDICATED TO 1884

The Shades of · JAMES VI · GEORGE BUCHANAN · REGENT ROLLOCK ·
· JOHN KNOX · JENNY GEDDLES ·

and to Their MODERN REPRESENTATIVES in 1884 ·

INBURGH : GEORGE P. JOHNSTON 33 GEORGE STREET

Store
32571

YE INTRODUCTION.

Recitative.

COULD good old George Buchanan see
Our grand New Un-i-ver-si-tee ;
Could Jingling Geordie give us gold,
We'd spend it quick, as James of old.
Three hundred years have now gone by,
Over our Un-i-ver-si-ty,
And here, to meet the grand procession,
Are all the heads of the profession.
Don't judge the poetry from a high sense,
We took out no poetic license.



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TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION
UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

THE PROCESSION

(PROGRES MEDICAL.)

DEDICATED TO THE SHADES OF

JAMES VI., GEORGE BUCHANAN, REGENT ROLLOCK,

JOHN KNOX, JENNY GEDDES,

AND TO

THEIR MODERN REPRESENTATIVES IN 1884.

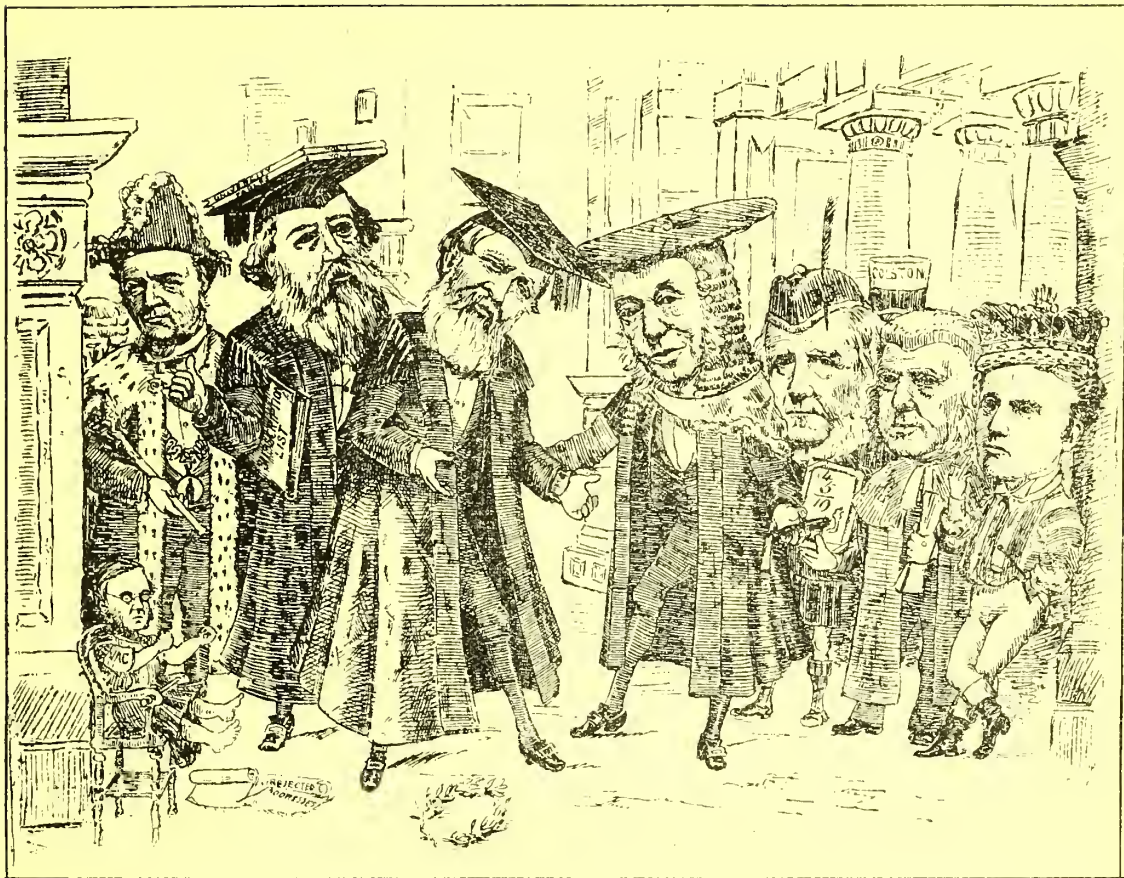
EDINBURGH: GEORGE P. JOHNSTON, 33 GEORGE STREET.



SCHERZANDO.

“ There’s nae luck about the House.”

Sir Sandie Grant rose up in haste,
Sae stately for to see ;
He robed himself in purple silk
Wi’ mickle dignity.
Quo’ he, Sir Stafford Northcote comes,
Inglis, sage and hirsute,
Moncreiff, M’Laren, Roseberrie,
To march the town about.
Wi’ Provost, Council, Train bands a’
In civic pomp and pride,
In Academic grandeur at
The Opening to preside.



YE PROCESSION IS HEADED BY YE FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

O Fraser, we have heard thee speak

On Calabar Bean and Phosphorus!

O Turner, Fame has sped thy name to

Asia—'cross the Bosphorus!

Rudolph play up, and shout thy cry--

"Our sire was but an ape;"

While Dickson, singing, marches on, and

Crum Brown is agape.

So hear bold Ewart bawling out

"As sure's my name is Cossar,

The spawn of the Red Herring true

Is found at Fisherrow, Sir!"



Maclagan's lung and golden tongue,
Sure that we all delight in ;
No heart so green was ever seen,
The Queen should him be knightin'.
Professor G. takes an airing see,
While Greenfield at his aise is,
And both wonder why Professor Oakely,
Has joined the ranks of Rhazes.



Next Surgeon Chiene, with knife so keen,
Comes chaunting Hunter's praises ;
And Robertson, *si beau et bon*,
Sings 'midst the ox-eyed daisies.
Spry Thomas A. must have his say,
And lectures too with patness ;
And Clouston, in from Tipperlinn,
Proclaims the creed of fatness.

R. Simpson there, with twins so fair,
Wheels Hart and Croom a-crowing,
Paper, and Pens, and Ink will cease
When their work stops a-growing ;
Our tall Bedellus, with gloves they tell us,
Draped in black as for a burying ;
On the last plate you'll see right nate,
'Tis he the Mace a-carrying.



YE EXTRA-MURAL SCHOOL APPROACHETH TO YE TUNE OF
"CORN RIGS."

Haldane, a son of Dan, was foremost in the van,
With Patrick Heron Watson, whiles sae cheeky, O!
Balfour sae brave and grave, with Smith led on the lave,
O' struggling Extra-Murals frae Auld Reekie, O!

Then next come Henry L., with Mr Joseph Bell,
And in sweet converse they hasten frae the Potterrow ;
[*To be continued in our next.*]



As Miller and Cathcart together take a part,
And they sing of boots and shoes an' Crawley Water, O!

Macadam, Affleck, James, with a host of other names,
Inscribed in gold on black at the College, O!
Go with Angus, Buist, and Moinet, who make money, yes, they coin it,
Where Andrew Wilson lectures on Health Knowledge, O!



The trio next we see come from Minto House so free,
With Craig a holding forth on Jaborandi, O!
On Surg'ry lectures Charlie, Johnson's at it late and early,
With preparations on his table all so handy, O!

Then Duncan, great in state, with his glyc'rine carbolate,
Strikes terror to the bosom of each wee germ, O!
Micrococcus and Bacillus are all drowned in the swill, as
Well as little putrefying Bacterium term-o!

And now, all *dans le vrai temps*, comes honoured Ovary Tom,
With Brakenridge, who sings the praise of coffee, O!
Claud Muirhead and John Wyllie, of whom we think so highly,
Who discourses on the Larynx sweet as toffee, O!

VE UNIVERSITIES IN DIGNITIE MOST EXCELLENT DRAW NIGH.

“ There grows a bonny brier bush.”

Sanct Andruis—

St Andrews marches first in rank, where bawbees are but few,
Her medicals are Mackintosh and Bell Pettigrew.

[P. T. O.]



Glasgow—

The tree, the fish, the bell, the bird, with Fergus, all in class go.
The Macs, and Cleland, Gairdner sage, uphold the name of
Glasgow.

Aiberdeen—

Next Ogston, Stirling, Struthers, Hay, and Hamilton are seen ;
They feed their students on a broo "*called Kail*" in Aberdeen ;
Frae Fife's East Neuk, frae Clutha's Brook, frae near whaur
dwells our Queen,
Sic Scottish store o' wondrous lore, the like has never been!



YE COURT ÆSCULAPIANS COME HITHER.

CHORUS—"The Pirates of Penzance."

Clear the course, the nobs are coming,
Sir William Jenner's coming,
His guineas he is summing,
Sir Andrew Clark, with dignity unbending
Physician to the Grand Old Man,
Barum Baree !

Sir William Bowman, great in stor-y,
Of phy'sologic glor-y,
He can cure a sore eye
With Marshall and Erichsen of fame unending,
Beat Paget if you can,
Barum Baree !



YE GUESTS. VIRI ILLUSTRISSIMI.

“Come Lasses and Lads.”

Virchow laureatus, with Duncan ornatus,

Lister and Pasteur wise ;

Saxtorph and Donders, the pair of them wanders,

Fore myriad wondering eyes.

Such a glorious group may be,

We never again shall see,

And we only regret, there will be none of the set

At the next Tercentenaree.



The great Recklinghausen is one in a thousan'
D, like Owen comes riding by,
And Carus is spying, while Lankester's crying
As he's spanked by Mrs Hux-ly.
Then Tyndall, with brain so great,
Is tackled by P. G. Tait,
And historian Froude, says you do me proud,
Your degree will just suit me nate.



Dr Sieveking beats time, and Maudsley on crime,
Writes ever with taste and length ;
Bristowe stands *a la mode*, oh ! Acland comes with the Dodo,
And Flower with bones of strength.
Carpenter and Hutchinson there,
By Gemini make a pair,
And Brunton and Ferrier, the more just the merrier,,
Will get LL.D., we declare !



At last, not the least, to join in our feast,
From Paris come Trousseau and Bert,
And Sir Freddy Leighton, who hangs a good mate on
Sir Fettes Douglas there —
And Blackie, with kail-runt on high,
Drives his hobbies from Greece and from Skye,
Dan cut up the cuscus, and his big blunderbus
Makes the Students Rep. Council look shy.



The Authors of this rhyme vere sadly pressed for time,
Like Principal Sir Sandie up at Teviot Row ;
And you'll not find in their place, which is really a sad case,
A word on Bramwell, Billings, Ball, or famous Charcot.

EDITE BIBETE COLLEGIATES,
POST MULTA SAECULA, POCULA, NULLA.





NOTICE.

TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION.

IN consequence of the serious disappointment sustained by the Professoriate on learning that they are not to be accurately represented in a forthcoming work by an eminent A.R.S.A., and to make amends to the Extra-Mural Lecturers, who are not to be represented at all, the RAEBURN CLUB, assisted by their Laureate, has issued this Souvenir of the Tercentenary, containing over one hundred Portraits of the leading Savans and Medical Men present on the occasion.

IMPORTANT.—The Plates will be destroyed after an unlimited number have been issued.